

Portraits

sonnets:

wlmh

99paradigm

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Claire

eyes.

Claire's pair are (mutably corkish and
somewhere) lighting teardrops. Twenty, she's not
certain (how's fragile) or if drawings out
ivory candles her arms, heavying
when sky she's evening. Or if sighing star
light and rising fall her hair strands (Sailor,
Claire's the girl) if you see, like the churning
with sea dancing her guarded breathing. And
how her opening and closing pageless
boundaries like faerie words silences.
How the dawn like a deadly myth, cycles
around and around. With a finger Claire
winds the rainbow over mahogany
sunlight—with a finger Claire writes me

her

Hope

dark

coiffed and ink,afternoon glows below
a yesterday star: Hope (smiling metaphor
and eyes birdly questions) answering flows,
shimmers wonderly,and Hope's calling the
dawn's down: dancing gingerly,turns fragrance
into why and if

which tumble(over
carelessly,dangerously)and falter
all precision. Perched on the very almost;
how

Rosely's a tulip's crystal petal
eyelights;

without, uply rounded swons,
now;

then how the careful silence of two souls
feeling the stories like springs, certainties
between glowly domes of sunset mirrored.
Wit, Hope's gestured arm averts impatience,

Dove

left behind the sun,

Dove drowns in questions
called down from evening worlds.

Sighs faintly;
he,

confused in revolution, flies darkwards,
(eyes enormously mourn with somehow) filling
all universes with lightning. Dove is
frightened by small thoughts, trailing years behind
his soul.

Every endures the depth; glancing,
“why's a moon so winter,
a sky so spring;
will a welcome palace,
a precious rose?”

Dove

hopes straight, and his night's the dawn.

Petals are

apple snow and cherry tenderly in
ebony,

while his face uplifted shines
wonderfully the smallest smile, singing:
“love wholly fallen,
starlight fully lives!”

Joy

pulls me through the sound.

Joy,
in her hand the
pixilated leading afterthought:

“so
much the future!” which drowns,
my sigh misting
all her glory.

Descending, Joy perpetrates
namings, sacred oracles.

She’s the flow,
singer of serpents, eyes, oceans.

I slip
into her fugue of fall-earth sleepily,
careless of this death.

Flashing now, Joy’s
bird sapphires, bounding who her voice conceals
under an oak; such communion, this summer scene
sublime with the careless chiming of lip
to rose cheek, rose to fall scent, subsuming.
“Notice how the purple’s from green into
violet; and yellow, white?”

The breeze

Deer

draw me another.”

Deer rides a low slung
grey mule plucking the strings of a mellow
banjo. Born within the confines of four
shallow eyes, Deer’s majestically white teeth
under half smiling lips frame his dusty
words while the sun drips potently into
a tawny sea:

“Drink in the recoil of
your twenty-two

dangerous to shoot her
a round and around. I like a fast horse,
like the fifty-seven chevrolet eyes
stowed undercover; drove it flat out: old
man when I was his.”

As Deer begins to
strum a band falls in alongside with a
piper and a jazzy trombone:

“Turn in,

Anne

*"You could seldom get people to long for what was possible
—that was the cruelty of it" (Bellow).*

Often she decided to sit rather
charmingly, red maple curls done up as
history lessons. Anne sought out her age
over salted yellow butter melting
into blueberry absences. Nightfall
sky rain-blue eyes which Anne behind saucers
hid, framed by indicating red. Speaking
through some social leaves Anne professed her love
for poetry, guitars, Dylan during
contemplations about the nature of
the true relationship between the moon
and sun; whether one alone could exist.
"Certainly," she pondered, "if my lips
have touched only this cup and nothing else,

Rose (VOH)

אך לאלקים דומי נפשי כי ממנו תקוה
(תהלים סב:ו)

Singing within her soul, Rose turns seeing;
holds enchantment's enchantment enchanted.
Unsure of sighing or smiling she sighs
and smiles of de Machaut and of Lawrence:
"Valiant lives, only were I to find!"
Ever the hopeful of hope's romantics,
Rose asks night's evening into day with eyes
carefully rhapsodic in sepia;
with lips patiently true in silent speech.
Through the arid Negev's gusting breezes
Rose dreams; her hair seems a feathered banner,
a lonely summons to a wilderness
domain, calling:
"Comment est-ce que je tu
trouverai?"
"Je pense que tu sais."
Elle sait.